Shewing an outward pitty: yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
Nor. My Lord diſpatch, read o're theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt
For I have given here my ſoules conſent,
T'undecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe, a ſoveraigne, a ſlave;
Proud Maieſty, a ſubiect; State, a Peſant,
Nor. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title:
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt: alacke the heavy day,
That I have worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops:
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſty.
Bul. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.
Nor. Read o're this Paper, while the Glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.
Nor. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed,
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe.
Enter one with a Glaſſe.
Give me that Glaſſe, and therein will I reade.

No

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath
So many blowes upon this face
And made no deeper wounds?
Like to my followers in proſpe
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was
That every day, under his hou
Did keepe ten thouſand men?
That like the ſunne did make
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *B*
A brittle glory ſhineth in this
As brittle as the Glory, is the f
For there it is, crackt in an hun
Marke ſilent King, the Morall o
How ſoone my ſorrow hath de
Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorro
The ſhadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow: h
'Tis very true, my griefe lyes all
And theſe externall manners of
Are meerely ſhadows to the unſ
That ſwells with ſilence in the
There lies the ſubſtance: and It
For thy great bounty, that not
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt
How to lament the cauſe. Ile b
And then be gone, and trouble y
Shall I obtaine it?
Bul. Name it, faire Coſin.
Rich. Faire Coſin? I am grea
For when I was a King, my flatt
Were then my ſubiects; being
I have a King here to my flatter
Being ſo great, I have no need to
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich, And ſhall I have?
Bul. You ſhall.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19